

Poetical Essay 63

ON THE

TE DEUM,

Twelve Select PSALMS,

With Arguments prefix'd,

AND THE

Third Chapter of *HABAKKUK*.

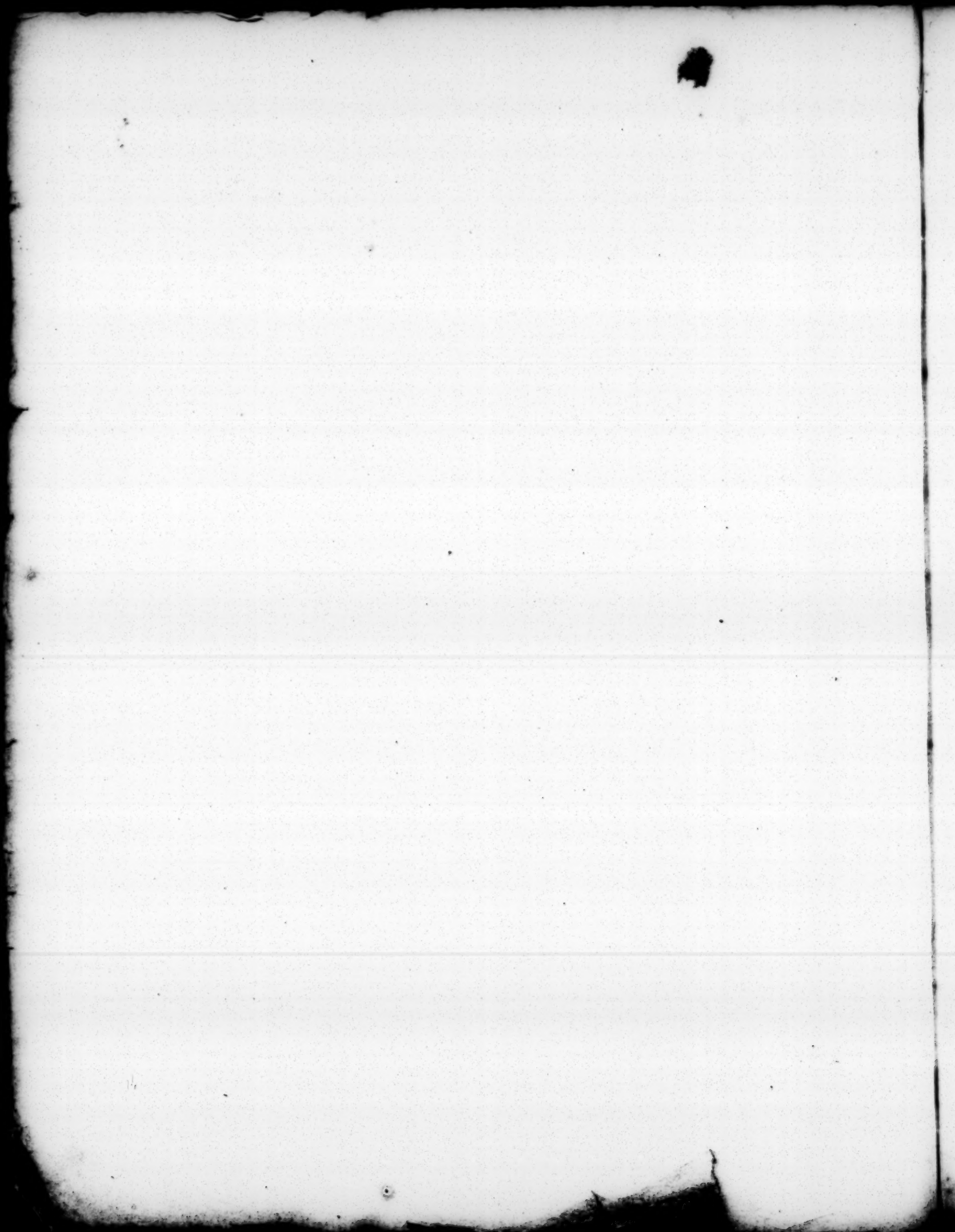
Carmen hæc erit mihi, orbem donec hospes hunc colam. Buchanan
in Psal. 119. v. 54.

L O N D O N :

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2.





THE
PREFACE.

HAVING some Thoughts of Printing a Poetical Essay on several Psalms, and other sacred Subjects, which have been my Amusement at leisure Hours ; I judge it most adviseable, before I appear as an Author, to publish a few of them without my Name ; if they prove acceptable, the rest may soon follow, if not, it will be some Satisfaction to be unknown.

I own my self of Mr. Cowley's Opinion, that the sacred Writings are either already most admirable and exalted Pieces of Poesy, or the best Materials in the World for it. And I cannot but lament with that excellent Man, when I behold this divine Science employing all her 'inexhaustible
' Riches of Wit and Eloquence, either in the wicked
' and beggarly Flattery of great Persons, or the un-
' manly Idolizing of foolish Women, or the wretch-

' ed Affection of scurrile Laughter, or at best on the
 ' confused antiquated Dreams of senseless Fables and
 ' Metamorphoses ; among all holy and consecrated
 ' Things, (says he) which the Devil ever stole,
 ' and alienated from the Service of the Deity, as
 ' Altars, Temples, Sacrifices, Prayers, and the
 ' like, there is none that he so universally, and so
 ' long usurp'd as Poetry, it is Time to recover it
 ' out of the Tyrant's Hands, and to restore it to the
 ' Kingdom of God, who is the Father of it'. If
 Men of Genius would but aid this laudable Design,
 by turning their Thoughts to Subjects of Religion
 and Vertue, what might we not hope for, from the
 united Force of Wit and Language ?

I am perswaded that the Study of divine Poesy,
 would fill the Mind with the most rational and manly
 Pleasure during the Pursuit, and not only free it
 from that Remorse and Agony, which usually attends
 a licentious Muse at the Hour of Death, but admir-
 ably dispose it for the ravishing Employments of
 Heaven, and the blessed Society of Saints and Sera-
 phims ; but as my Sense of this Matter is fully ex-
 pressed by the Author of the Guardian, N^o 51. I
 shall beg leave to transcribe so much of that Paper
 as suits my present Purpose.

' 'Tis probable (says that excellent Writer) the
 ' first Poets were found at the Altar, that they em-
 ' ployed their Talents in adorning and animating the
 ' Worship of their Gods ; the Spirit of Poetry and
 ' Re-

The Preface.

V

‘ Religion reciprocally warm’d each other, Devotion
‘ inspired Poetry, and Poetry exalted Devotion ; the
‘ most sublime Capacities were put to the most no-
‘ ble Use ; Purity of Will, and Fineness of Under-
‘ standing, were not such Strangers as they have
‘ been in later Days, but were most frequently
‘ lodg’d in the same Breast, and went, as it were,
‘ Hand in Hand to the Glory of the World’s great
‘ Ruler, and the Benefit of Mankind. To reclaim
‘ our modern Poetry, and turn it into its primitive
‘ Channel, is an Endeavour altogether worthy a far
‘ greater Character than the Guardian of a private
‘ Family. Kingdoms might be the better for the
‘ Conversion of the Muses from Sensuality to natural
‘ Religion, and Princes on their Thrones might be
‘ obliged and protected by its Power.

‘ All kinds of Poesie are amiable, but sacred
‘ Poesie should be our most special Delight : Other
‘ Poetry leads us thro’ flow’ry Meadows or beautiful
‘ Gardens, refreshes us with cooling Breezes or deli-
‘ cious Fruits, soothes us with the Murmur of Wa-
‘ ters, or the Melody of Birds ; or else conveys us to
‘ the Court or Camp, dazzles our Imagination with
‘ Crowns and Scepters, embattel’d Hosts, or Heroes
‘ shining in burnish’d Steel ; but sacred Numbers
‘ seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent
‘ Temple, they encircle us with every thing that is
‘ holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable Awe
‘ and Reverence, to all those pleasing Emotions we
‘ feel

‘ feel from other Lays ; an Awe and Reverence that
‘ exalts while it chastises : Its sweet Authority re-
‘ strains each undue Liberty of Thought, Word and
‘ Action ; it makes us think better and more nobly
‘ of our selves, from a Consciousness of the great
‘ Presence we are in, where Saints surround us, and
‘ Angels are our Fellow-worshippers.

‘ But beside the greater Pleasure which we re-
‘ ceive from sacred Poesie, it has another vast Ad-
‘ vantage above all other ; when it has placed us in
‘ that imaginary Temple (of which I just now spoke)
‘ methinks the mighty Genius of the Place covers us
‘ with an invisible Hand, secures us in the Enjoy-
‘ ments we possess. We find a kind of Refuge in our
‘ Pleasure, and our Diversion becomes our Safety.
‘ Why then should not every Heart that is addicted
‘ to the Muses, cry out in the holy Warmth of the
‘ best Poet that ever lived, I will magnify thee,
‘ O Lord, my King, and I will praise thy
‘ Name for ever and ever.

‘ That greater Benefit may be reaped from sa-
‘ cred Poesie than from any other, is indisputable ;
‘ but is it capable of yeilding such exquisite Delight ?
‘ Has it a Title only to the Regard of the Serious
‘ and the Aged ? Is it only to be read on Sundays,
‘ and to be bound in Black ? Or does it put in for the
‘ good Esteem of the Gay, the Fortunate, the Young ?
‘ Can it rival a Ball or a Theatre, or give Plea-
‘ sure to those who are conversant with Beauty, and
‘ have

‘ have their Palates set high with all the Delicacies and Poinancy of human Wit.

‘ That Poetry gives us the greatest Pleasure which affects us most ; and that affects us most, which is on a Subject in which we have the deepest Concern. And in what Subjects have we the greatest Concern, but in those, at the very Thought of which this World grows less and less, and all its Glories fade away.

‘ All other Poesie must be dropt at the Gate of Death, this alone can enter with us into Immortality ; it will admit of an Improvement only, not (strictly speaking) an entire Alteration from the Converse of Cherubim and Seraphim : It shall not be forgotten, when the Sun and Moon are remembered no more ; it shall never dye, but (if I may so express my self) be the Measure of Eternity, and the laudable Ambition of Heaven.

‘ How then can any other Poesie come in Competition with it ?

In the following Essay I have avoided Technical Words as much as possible, but where their Propriety and Significancy have tempted me to make use of them, I have, for the Sake of the unlearned Reader, explain’d them. But before I conclude this Preface, I think my self obliged in Justice to acknowledge, that whilst I was amusing my self in this way, I consulted most of our English Poets, who have either wrote upon the Psalms, or other Subjects

jects of Religion and Virtue, and that I am sometimes beholden to one or other of them for a Thought, a Line, or a Verse, but more particularly to Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady, and the Reverend Mr. Daniel, Dean of Armagh, who is so wise as to devote a fine Genius to the Service of his Maker.

N. B. Being my self fully perswaded that many of the Psalms are prophetical, and relate both to the Person and Times of the *Messias*, if this Attempt meets with Acceptance, I shall in my next add a short Dissertation to prove, that the Writers of the New Testament never allegoriz'd any one Prophecy, neither did they ever apply the ancient Oracles to *Jesus Christ*, in any secondary, typical, or enigmatical Sense, as the Author of *The Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion* would perswade us; but that on the contrary, they always understood, and constantly apply'd them in a primary and single Sense, without the least Intimation of their having ever had any Relation to any other Person; I shall moreover shew, that the Old Testament Prophecies are not cited in the New, contrary to the literal and obvious Sense which they bear in the Places from whence they are taken, as this Writer with great Confidence affirms.



A

Poetical Essay, &c.

Te Deum Laudamus.

I.

PARENT of all created Things,
From whom this Scene of Nature springs;
Immense Almighty Deity,
The whole Creation bows to thee.

II.

To thee the holy Angels cry,
With all the glorious Pow'rs on high
Th' adoring Choirs of Cherubim
Thy Throne with *Hallelujahs* Hymn.

B

III.

III.

O thou in Heav'n and Earth supreme
The ravish'd Seraphs hallow'd Theme ;
Most Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
By all the heavenly Hosts ador'd.

IV.

Thine is this universal Frame,
From thee this beauteous System came ;
The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas, and Air
Their wondrous Origin declare.

V.

Seated around thy radiant Throne,
The blest Apostles of thy Son
With one Consent ascribe to thee,
Glory, and Strength, and Majesty.

VI.

The hoary Prophets, who of old
Thy Mind in mystic Sense foretold,
In clearer Light discern thy Will,
And more extatic Raptures feel.

VII.

The martyr'd Saints, a noble Race,
Blest with the Vision of thy Face,
Drink in the pure immortal Rays,
Till lost in Wonder, Love and Praise.

VIII.

Thro' all the Earth, in ev'ry Tongue
Thy Holy Church renews the Song,
And consecrates her Hymns to thee,
Supreme, Paternal Deity.

IX.

We for our Lord and Saviour own
Jesus thy true and only Son,
Who sends the Spirit from above
To fill our Minds with Peace and Love.

X.

To *Christ* our glorious King belongs
Immortal Praise, and endless Songs ;
Who, to advance our Race on high,
Submitted to be born and die.

XI.

By conqu'ring Death, victorious Lord,
Thou hast Lost Paradise restor'd ;
And now the heavenly Kingdom lies
Unveil'd to the Believer's Eyes.

XII.

Thou art at God's Right-hand enthron'd,
And with thy Father's Glory crown'd,
From thence in awful Pomp shalt come,
At the tremendous Day of Doom.

XIII.

Vouchsafe us then, great Judge, to stand
Among the Just at thy Right-Hand :
Thou hast redeem'd us with thy Blood,
O make us Kings and Priests to God.

XIV.

Sheild us with thy protecting Grace,
And crown our future Days with Peace ;
Then shall our Tongues thy Praise proclaim,
And spread the Glories of thy Name.

XV.

Keep us this Day unstain'd with Sin,
At Night let all be calm within :
On us with Beams of Mercy shine,
For we by solemn Vows are thine.

PSALM

PSALM I.

The Argument.

This Psalm is by some of the Ancients intitled, Μακαρισμός, or an Hymn of Blessedness, and is supposed to have been intended by the Author as a Proem to the ensuing Work ; the Design of it is to show, that Divine Providence frequently puts a Difference between good and bad Men, in this Life, but that a more remarkable Distinction and final Separation shall be made at the Day of Judgment.

I.

A Thousand Blessings crown his Head
Who shuns the Paths where Sinnerstread,
Who can despise the sneering Fool,
And stand the Test of Ridicule.

II.

The busy Day and silent Night
The sacred Volume's his Delight.
And from those Rules of Life laid down
In Holy Writ, he forms his own.

III.

As a fair spreading Tree which grows
Where the refreshing Current flows,
With early Leaves and Fruitage crown'd,
Its loaded Branches sweep the Ground.

IV.

IV.

So shall the virtuous Man increafe
In outward Wealth, and inward Peace;
His Mind shall all the Blifs receive
Which Health and Innocence can give.

V.

Another Doom awaits on you,
Ye profligate ungodly Crew,
Like scatter'd Chaff by Whirlwinds tost,
So shall your guilty Souls be lost.

VI.

When the last Trumpet's awful Sound
Shall wake the Nations under Ground,
The Sinner full of Dread shall rise
And view his Judge with frightened Eyes.

VII.

But he who Truth and Virtue lov'd,
In that great Day shall stand approv'd ;
His Ears with those sweet Sounds be blest,
Well done, and enter into Rest.

VIII.

The Just thro' all the narrow Way
Shall journey with increafing Day,
But Death's dark Wings are ever fspread
O'er that wide Road where Sinners tread.

P S A L M

PSALM VIII.

The Argument.

This Psalm being supposed by some learned Men, to have been wrote by David, upon his Victory over Goliath ; in Compliance with that Opinion, I have inserted some Part of the History relating to that Action ; I must own, when I first attempted this Version, that I understood those Words, What is Man that thou art mindful of him ? Or the Son of Man, that thou visitest him ? For thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with Glory and Honour, to be spoken of Mankind in General, but I have since seen Reason to be of another Opinion, and am now fully perswaded that this Psalm is very justly applied to Jesus Christ, by the Author of the Epistle to the Hebrews ; and that it is peculiar to that Son of Man, who was made for a little while inferior to the Angels, but for the Suffering of Death is now crowned with Glory and Honour. And I acknowledge my self indebted, for this Conviction, to the Paraphrase and Notes on the Hebrews, by my late learned and pious Friend, the Reverend Mr. James Peirce ; and therefore, if I should live to publish any more of these Essays, the Reader will find this, as well as several other Psalms, set in a very different Light, from what they have generally been view'd in.

First

First Part.

I.

O Lord, our Lord, what Songs are due
To thy most glorious Name?
Thy matchless Power and Wisdom shine
Through all this wond'rous Frame.

II.

How often hath a feeble Arm
Perform'd thy dread Command?
Infants and suckling Babes have thrown
The Thunders of thy Hand.

III.

Goliath, mighty Son of Gath,
Who oft in *Dammin's* Plain
Our Armies and our God defy'd,
Was by a Stripling slain.

IV.

Enrag'd at the unequal Match,
And conscious of his Odds,
He call'd me rash advent'rous Boy,
And curs'd me by his Gods.

V.

Thou shalt, vain Youth, the Boaster cry'd,
 For this Presumption die,
 And with thy Flesh I'll feast the Birds,
 Altho' thy God stood by.

VI.

Audacious Wretch, said I, this Day
 Shall end thy impious Boasts ;
 The Vict'ry's mine, since thou hast dar'd
 The living Lord of Hosts.

VII.

This said, I slung th' unerring Stone
 Which pierc'd the Monster's Head
 He fell, and at his Fall our Foes
 In strange Confusion fled.

VIII.

So when the blest Messiah comes,
 And wish'd Salvation brings,
 Infants shall conquer in his Name,
 And Babes do mighty Things.

Second Part.

I.

LORD, when with ravish'd Eyes I view
The Moon and starry Host,
My wond'ring Soul's in Extacy
And silent Rapture lost.

II.

O how stupendous is the Thought,
That Man should be thy Care,
When all this glorious System's thine,
The Moon and ev'ry Star!

III.

Thou hast thy Favourite Creature crown'd
With Dignity and Grace,
And plac'd him but a Step below
Th' illustrious Angel Race.

IV.

Lord of this lower World he rules
The Beasts, wild Desarts breed,
With lowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,
Which graze the Flow'ry Mead.

(II)

V.

The Fowls which sail in gentle Streams,
Or airy Regions Wing,
And warbling Birds in shady Groves
For Man their Sov'reign sing.

VI.

Fishes of ev'ry Size and Kind,
In River, Lake, or Sea,
The smooth, or scal'd, or arm'd with Shells,
To him their Homage pay.

VII.

By Man, o'er all thy other Works
To this Dominion rais'd,
Be thou for ever, glorious Lord,
Obey'd, ador'd, and prais'd.

PSALM XXII.

The Argument.

*This is one of the prophetic Psalms, and contains a lively Description of the Sufferings and Death of the Messiah, and of his after Exaltation, and extensive Kingdom, and is in its primary, literal, and obvious Sense, so peculiar to Jesus Christ, that we may challenge the Advocates for Infidelity, to name any other Person, to whom it can in any tolerable Sense be applied: Nothing can be more ridiculous than to understand it of David; is there any Thing in the Sufferings of that Prince which bears the least Resemblance to the Things here spoken of? Any Thing in all his History like the piercing of his Hands and his Feet, or the dividing of his Garments, and casting Lots for his Vesture? Which were all literally and exactly fulfilled in the Death and Sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, and shall we be told after this, and by * one who pretends to have consider'd all the ancient Prophecies, that those which Christians apply to Jesus Christ, in order to prove him the Messiah, do in their obvious and primary Sense, plainly relate to other Matters than those which they are produced to prove; let but any Man compare this Psalm with the History of our Lord's Crucifixion, in the 27th Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and then let him believe this Assertion if he can.*

I.

* The Author of the Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion.

I.

O Why, my Father and my God,
Hast thou forlook thy Son?
Why thus unmov'd at my Distress,
And deaf to all my Moan?

II.

All Day my agonizing Soul
Aloud for Succour cries,
All Night I offer up to thee
Repeated Groans and Sighs.

III.

O thou to whom the daily Praise
Of *Israel* is address'd,
Look down from thy eternal Throne
On Innocence oppress'd.

IV.

To thee of old, in all their Straits,
Our pious Fathers pray'd;
No Disappointment sham'd their Trust
In thy almighty Aid.

V.

Like one below the human Race,
I'm treated with Disdain;
My Hope in thee, licentious Tongues
With impious Jests prophane.

VI.

VI.

He said he was the Son of God,
Th' insulting Rabble cry,
To save him let his Father send
Some Angel from on high.

VII.

But, O my God, when first I breath'd,
And suck'd in vital Air,
And when I hung upon the Breasts
I was thy early Care.

VIII.

From infant Days to riper Years
My Guardian thou hast been,
O Lord support my sinking Soul
In this distressful Scene.

IX.

Against my Life both Earth and Hell
Unite their dreadful Pow'r,
Be thou, almighty Patron, nigh
In this important Hour.

X.

Like Bulls of *Bashan's* fiery Breed
They stare and roar aloud,
And like devouring Lions feel
A painful Thirst for Blood.

XI.

XI.

My Nerves are all relax'd, my Joints
Are loose and out of Frame,
My Heart dissolves within my Breast,
Like Wax before the Flame.

XII.

With Anguish all my Moisture's dry'd,
My Tongue cleaves to my Jaws,
And to the silent Shades of Death
My fainting Soul withdraws.

XIII.

To shed my Blood ungodly Men
From ev'ry Quarter meet,
With unrelenting Hearts they pierce
My tender Hands and Feet.

XIV.

My Body's rack'd till all my Bones
May be distinctly told,
The gazing Crowd with barbarous Joy
My mangled Limbs behold.

XV.

By the inhuman Soldiers stript,
My Garments they divide,
The Title to my seamless Vest
Impartial Lots decide.

XVI.

XVI.

Father, in this dread Conflict aid
Thy agonizing Son,
Nor leave thy Darling to engage
Th' infernal Pow'rs alone.

XVII.

From the insatiate Jaws of Death,
And the devouring Grave,
O Thou my only Hope and Trust,
Thy Well-beloved save.

XVIII.

Then to my Brethren I'll declare
Thy ever glorious Name,
And with the Story of thy Love
Their pious Breasts inflame.

XIX.

Let all devoted to his Fear,
In God's high Praises join,
Israel, and all the faithful Race
Unite their Songs to mine.

XX.

The Lord, in my afflicted State,
Did not despise my Cry,
But graciously inclin'd his Ear,
And answer'd ev'ry Sigh.

XXI.

XXI.

I'll praise him in his holy Hill,
Who heard me when I pray'd,
And at his sacred Altar pay
The solemn Vows I made.

XXII.

In those Assemblies where the Meek
On costly Banquets feast,
And pious Souls the Bread of Life
Which came from Heaven, taste.

XXIII.

Tho' distant, my prophetic Soul
Rejoices at the Day,
When the converted World to God
Shall chearful Homage pay.

XXIV.

When Nations, Kindreds, Tribes and Tongues
Shall his Anointed own,
As universal Lord, and bow
To the Messiah's Throne.

XXV.

Then shall the Rich, with Blessings crown'd,
Adore their bounteous King,
The Poor, redeem'd from Dust and Death,
Their great Redeemer sing.

D

XXVI.

XXVI.

In that blest Age a holy Seed
Distinguish'd by his Name,
Shall thro' the wide extended World,
His sacred Laws proclaim.

XXVII.

His Empire in succeeding Times
Shall numerous Subjects gain,
And Ages yet to come shall sing
The Glories of his Reign.

PSALM XXIII.

The Argument.

This Psalm is a kind of sacred Pastoral, and was in all Probability wrote by David whilst he led a Country Life ; before the Almighty took him from the Sheepfolds, from following the Ewes great with Young, and brought him to feed Jacob his People, and Israel his Inheritance. It expresses a firm Dependence upon God's Providence, and a grateful Sense of all his Favours.

I.

AS the kind Shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring Flocks to dewy Meads,
Where limpid Streams in Silence flow,
And Shades around the Pastures grow.

II.

II.

So God the Guardian of my Soul
Doth all my erring Steps controul,
When lost in Sin's perplexing Maze,
He guides my Feet to Virtue's Ways.

III.

Tho' I should journey thro' the Plains
Where Death in all its Horror reigns,
My stedfast Heart no Ill should fear,
For thou, O Lord, art with me there.

IV.

By thee with Peace and Plenty blest
Amidst surrounding Foes I feast,
The flow'ry Vale and bearded Field
To me unnumber'd Blessings yeild.

V.

Sabea Oils upon my Head,
And flowing Hair rich Odours shed,
My Cup is crown'd with racy Wine
The sparkling Juice of *Gaza's* Vine.

VI.

O bounteous God, my future Days
Are all devoted to thy Praise ;
And in thy House thy sacred Name
And boundless Grace shall be my Theme.

PSALM LI.

The Argument.

This is a Penitential Psalm wrote on Occasion of David's Adultery with Bathsheba, and Murder of the brave Uriah, wherein the Psalmist laments his Sin and Folly in so lively and passionate a Manner, that we feel his Compunctions, and see as it were the inward Agonies of his Soul. I heartily wish, that those who are so foolish as to plead his Example for one of these Crimes, would but consider what he suffered for the Gratification of a brutal Lust, and that they themselves must either undergo the like in the present Life, or something more intolerable in the next : As David's unfeigned Sorrow for his Sin, and deep Humility, join'd with his Readiness to bear whatever his offended God should think fit to inflict, are undoubted Marks of a sincere Repentance ; so his earnest Desire that his People might not suffer for his Crimes, and his hearty Prayer to God for their Prosperity, whatever might befall him, are illustrious Proofs of a truly great and princely Mind.

I.

Mercy, O Lord, I humbly crave,
 As thou art good and kind,
 So let my penitential Soul
 An easy Pardon find.

II.

II.

O wash away the crimson Stain,
And cleanse me from the Sin
That's ever present to my Mind,
And tortures all within.

III.

I have offended thee, and done
This Evil in thy Sight,
And if condemn'd by thee must own
The dreadful Sentence right.

IV.

Descended from a fallen Race,
I with my Breath receiv'd
A Nature prone to ev'ry Vice,
And Appetites deprav'd.

V.

Yet with thy sacred Precepts blest,
I learnt from thy Commands,
That Purity of Heart must join
With Innocence of Hands.

VI.

I knew that Murder was forbid,
And yet this Blood I spilt,
Lord, let thy boundless Mercy reach
My aggravated Guilt.

VII.

VII.

Cleanse me with Hyſop, O my God,
Then ſhall I ſpotleſs be,
And white as unpolluted Snow,
If purify'd by thee.

VIII.

Tho' all a Blot, thy gracious Hand
Can wipe off ev'ry Stain,
Thy Pardon heal my wounded Soul,
And eaſe my inward Pain.

IX.

Father of Mercies, all my Sins
From thy Memorial raſe,
And give me for this tainted Heart
A Mind renew'd by Grace.

X.

Let not a Sinner ſelf-condemn'd,
Be baniſh'd from thy Sight,
Nor that bleſt Guide, thy Spirit, take
Its everlaſting Flight.

XI.

Haunted with Guilt and black Deſpair,
In Agonies I live,
Lord, drive theſe Furies from my Breſt,
With that kind Word, Forgive.

XII.

Pardon'd by thee, in grateful Hymns
I'll celebrate thy Name,
My Song shall melt the Sinner's Heart,
And erring Souls reclaim.

XIII.

Avert the dreadful Vengeance due
To Treachery and Blood,
And then my joyful Tongue shall sing
The Goodness of my God.

XIV.

O could the Blood of slaughter'd Beasts
Atone this dreadful Deed,
To expiate my Sin and Shame
Whole Hecatombs should bleed.

XV.

But should a thousand Altars flame,
And Clouds of Incense rise,
Th' Oblation's vain, since God requires
A nobler Sacrifice.

XVI.

A bleeding and a contrite Heart
I'll offer up to thee,
And Floods of penitential Tears
My Advocates shall be.

XVII.

XVII.

But if strict Justice must be done,
Then hear my dying Pray'r,
Let all thy Vengeance light on me,
But these thy People spare.

XVIII.

On *Sion* thy peculiar Choice,
In Mercy, Lord, look down,
Jerusalem with lasting Peace,
And endless Glory crown.

XIX.

Then shall thy sacred Altars smoke
With daily Sacrifice,
And Incense from the hallow'd Hearth,
In curling Clouds arise.

PSALM

PSALM C.

The Argument.

In this Psalm all the Inhabitants of the Earth are called upon, to celebrate their Maker's Praises ; and the Church of God is in an especial Manner exhorted to bless the Name of the Lord, whose Mercy is everlasting, and whose Truth endureth to all Generations.

I.

TO God most high in Songs of Praise,
Let all the Earth their Voices raise,
With Joy approach the heavenly King,
And in his sacred Presence sing.

II.

Our Maker is the living Lord,
The God above all Gods ador'd,
We are his Flock, the Sheep he feeds
In dewy Vales and grassy Meads.

III.

In grateful Anthems we'll proclaim
Our Joys, and bless his holy Name,
Enter his Gates on solemn Days,
And fill his Courts with Songs of Praise.

E

IV.

IV.

The Lord is good, by ev'ry Tongue,
 Be his unbounded Mercy sung,
 His Truth shall spread to distant Climes,
 And lighten all succeeding Times.

PSALM CIV.

The Argument.

In this Psalm the Glory and Majesty of God, and his Wisdom and Power, exerted in the Works of Creation and Providence, are celebrated in Thoughts and Language suited to the sublime and lofty Subject; I know that the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Verses are by the learned Bishop Patrick, and other Commentators, refer'd to the Separation of the Chaos at the Creation. But in my Apprehension, this Interpretation makes the Psalmist guilty of a very great Solecism, in supposing the Mountains cover'd with Water, at a Time when there were no such Things as Mountains existing; and therefore I think it more agreeable to the Text, and to the Reason of Things, to understand these Verses of the Deluge, and I have accordingly adapted the following Version of them, to that wonderful Catastrophe.

I.

DO thou, my Soul, in sacred Lays,
Attempt the great Creator's Praise,
But O! what Tongue can speak his Fame!
What mortal Verse can reach the Theme!

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant Spheres,
He Glory like a Garment wears,
To form a Robe of Light Divine
Ten thousand Suns around him shine.

III.

He rais'd the glorious Arch on high;
And floor'd it with the azure Sky;
Th' expanded Firmament contains
His Magazines of Snows and Rains.

IV.

When Vapours press th' incumbent Air,
And all the Element's at War,
His Chariots are the stormy Skies,
And on the Wings of Winds he flies.

V.

Before his Throne a shining Band
Of Seraphims and Angels stand,
Celestial Spirits, who in Flight,
Outwing the active Rays of Light.

VI.

To God all Nature owes its Birth,
He form'd this wondrous Globe of Earth,
Pois'd by his skilful Hand it stood,
Unmov'd amidst the raging Flood.

VII.

When cover'd with the swelling Tide,
He bid th' insulting Waves subside ;
The Waves obey'd his Voice, and fled
In haste to their appointed Bed.

VIII.

Enclos'd with everlasting Mounds,
The Sea obeys its Maker's Bounds ;
In vain the Ocean braves the Shore,
Its Tydes shall flood the Earth no more.

IX.

The fluid Mass thro' secret Veins
The Summit of the Mountain gains,
And thence thro' the declining Plane
Flows back to the capacious Main.

X.

The Springs which run among the Hills
Enrich the Vales with plenteous Rills,
There the wild Asses quench their Flame,
And Herds run panting to the Stream.

XI.

XI.

The Trees with genial Moisture fed,
O'er murmuring Brooks their Branches spread,
Where chearful Birds of various Wing
Amidst the shady Coverts sing.

XII.

With gentle Rain he glads the Hills,
The fertile Vales with Blessings fills,
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Store,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

XIII.

With tender Grass he cloathes the Mead,
Where Flocks and Herds in Plenty feed,
With Herbs and Fruits the rising Ground,
For Man his Fav'rite Creature's crown'd.

XIV.

To cheer our Hearts with gen'rous Wine,
Transparent Clusters grace the Vine,
The Olive yields us suppling Oil,
And bearded Fields reward our Toil.

XV.

Water'd by God's peculiar Care,
How tall the Mountain-Cedars are !
In those high Shades their Branches yield,
Th' instructed Birds in Safety build.

XVI

XVI.

The stately Pine affords a Nest
To lodge the Stork her pious Guest,
With Wisdom from above indu'd,
She there secures her Infant-brood.

XVII.

Wild Goats admonish'd from on High,
For Refuge to the Mountains fly,
In Rocks sagacious where to dwell,
The Cony forms her winding Cell.

XVIII.

Th' Omniscient Pow'r ordain'd the Spheres,
To measure Days and Months and Years,
The various Phases of the Moon *,
And Revolutions of the Sun.

XIX.

He form'd the glorious Rays of Light,
He also drew the Shades of Night,
When the wild Beasts forsake their Dens
To ravage all the neighb'ring Plains.

* *The Phases of the Moon are her different Appearances, such as New, Quarter, Half, and Full Moon.*

XX.

By Night young Lions hunt for Food,
And roar aloud their Wants to God,
But warn'd by the approaching Morn,
Back to their dark Abodes return.

XXI.

Wak'd by the chearful Morning Ray,
The lab'ring Hind begins the Day,
And when the Evening Shadows rise,
Home to his rural Cottage hies.

XXII.

In all our Maker's grand Designs,
Omnipotence and Wisdom shines,
His Works thro' all this earthly Frame
Bear the great Impress of his Name.

XXIII.

But O! what Mind can search the Main,
And number all the Seas contain,
Th' unmeasur'd Magazine's replete
With wond'rous small, and wond'rous great.

XXIV.

In those unfathom'd awful Deep
Leviathan his Revels keeps,
Whilst Millions of the smaller Fry,
For Safety to the Shallows fly.

XXV.

XXV.

There the tall Ship with flutt'ring Pride,
Doth on the dancing Billows ride,
Or spreads her Sails before the Wind
And leaves the less'ning Shores behind.

XXVI.

Great God, the Tribes of Sea and Land
Await the Bounties of thy Hand,
Thy Providence dispenses Food,
And fills the craving World with Good.

XXVII.

Thou hid'st thy Face, the Creatures mourn,
And dying, to their Dust return,
All Nature hangs on thy Decree,
Alternate Life and Death's from thee.

XXVIII.

Thy Spirit animates the Mass,
And raises up a new-born Race.
The Earth is fill'd with Beasts and Men,
And Fishes sport in Seas again.

XXIX.

The Groves by Winter-Storms made bare,
At Spring their leafy Cov'rings wear,
And Fields refresh'd with vernal Show'rs,
Are cloath'd again with beauteous Flow'rs.

XXX.

XXX.

The Lord with Approbation views
The lovely Scene his Hand renews ;
His glorious Works from Year to Year,
His Praise to latest Times shall bear.

XXXI.

Immense, Almighty Deity,
The whole Creation bows to thee,
The Earth at thy dread Presence shook,
The Mountains vanish'd into Smoke.

XXXII.

Rais'd on Devotions lofty Wing,
Of thee, Eternal God, I'll sing,
Thro' all my Life thy sacred Name,
And wondrous Works shall be my Theme.

XXXIII.

Let Sinners dread unbounded Pow'r,
All thy Perfections I'll adore,
Thy Praises shall employ my Tongue,
Till list'ning Worlds applaud the Song.

PSALM CXXVIII.

The Argument.

This Psalm may very justly be intitled, The Sacred Epithalamium, or Nuptial Song: The Design of it is to intimate to us, that conjugal Blessings are the happy Consequences of Religion and Virtue.

I.

O Happy Man, whose Heart inclines
To Virtue's sacred Ways,
Thy Life shall flow with constant Joys,
And Peace shall crown thy Days.

II.

The Pledges of thy nuptial Love
Shall be a numerous Race,
Which like young Olive Plants shall grow
In Beauty and in Grace.

III.

The Lord shall look from Zion Hill
With a propitious Smile,
On all the Labours of thy Life,
And ev'ry Care beguile.

IV.

Each circling Year thine Eyes shall see
Thy Wealth and Heirs increase,
And as the Sum of all thy Joys,
Jerusalem in Peace.

PSALM CXXXIII.

The Argument.

This little Ode is in Praise of Family-love, wherein its blessed Influences are compar'd to the sacred Ointment, which was pour'd on Aaron's Head, and diffus'd a Fragrance all around him ; or to that Beauty and Verdure, which appear'd on Mount Hermon, or the Hill of Zion, after refreshing Rains, but the Neighbourhood of these two famous Mountains, is not to be infer'd from this Poetical Allusion, as some have vainly imagined.

I.

THose Families are truly blest
Where Kindness dwells in ev'ry Breast,
With Harmony and Concord crown'd,
They scatter Blessings all around.

II.

So when of Old, on *Aaron's* Head
The consecrating Oil was shed,
The sacred Balm perfum'd his Hair,
His Robes, and all the neighb'ring Air.

III.

When Dews or gentle Rains distil
On *Hermon's* Mount, or *Zion* Hill,
The rising Mould presents a Scene
Of living Shade, and ever green.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

The Argument.

In this Psalm all created Nature is exhorted to bless and praise the Lord. It begins with the Angels and Heavenly Hosts, then proceeds to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and from thence to the Regions of the Air, those vast Treasuries of Clouds and Vapours, and then descends to the Earth, where all Vegetables and Animals, but more especially Men, are called upon to join the universal Choir.

I.

LET all the Hierarchies above,
To the immortal King,
Celestial Anthems consecrate,
And Hallelujahs sing.

II.

II.

Michael and *Gabriel*, mighty Chiefs,
Begin the sacred Hymn,
Thro' all your Files renew the Song,
Ye Hosts of Seraphim.

III.

Thou Sun, ordain'd to rule the Day,
Wide as thy radiant Flame
Revisits with its genial Ray,
Thy Maker's Praise proclaim.

IV.

Thou Moon, and all the glorious Choir
Of fixt and wand'ring Stars.
To aid the solemn Service join
The Musick of your Spheres.

V.

Ye boundless Regions of the Air,
With Clouds and Meteors stor'd,
Praise him who stretch'd the vast Expanse
With one almighty Word.

VI.

Who when he form'd th' etherial Worlds,
And taught 'em first to roul,
Decreed how long each circling Orb,
Should journey round its Pole.

VII.

VII.

Let the almighty Architect
By all on Earth be prais'd,
Who from its dark Chaotic State
This beauteous Fabrick rais'd.

VIII.

Ye mighty Floods and awful Deep,
Where wond'rous Fishes play,
Praise him, whose Bounds your rising Tides,
And rouling Waves obey.

IX.

Let Heaven's loud Artillery
In Thunder speak his Fame,
Who charg'd the Clouds with icy Hail,
And form'd the pointed Flame.

X.

Ye watry Vapours praise the Lord,
Oft as ye spread the Plains,
With downy Snows, or less condens'd,
Descend in gentle Rains.

XI.

Wild Hurricanes and stormy Winds,
Obedient to his Word,
Thro' all the spacious Concave sound
The Glories of the Lord.

XII.

XII.

Praise him amidst surrounding Skies,
Ye Mountains crown'd with Snow,
Which moistens all the rising Mould,
When gentle *Zephirs* blow.

XIII.

Echo the Song ye Citron Groves,
Where golden Fruitage shines,
In Worship all ye Cedars bow,
And wave your Heads, ye Pines.

XIV.

Let Beasts which range the open Fields,
Or green Inclosures graze,
And bleating Flocks in flow'ry Meads,
Their great Creator praise.

XV.

Insects in Parti-colours drest,
Reptile or painted Fly,
Praise him who drew those artful Shades,
Which strike the curious Eye.

XVI.

Let warbling Birds in shady Groves,
To God their Voices raise,
And flying Fowls bear on their Wings,
And in their Notes his Praise.

XVII.

XVII.

Ye Princes, Potentates, and Kings,
The King of Kings adore,
And by your chearful Homage own
The Origin of Pow'r.

XVIII.

May this great Subject ev'ry Heart,
And ev'ry Tongue engage,
Be this the everlasting Theme
Of ev'ry Sex and Age.

XIX.

Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Skies, and Seas,
With all the mighty Throng
Of universal Nature, join
In one adoring Song.

XX.

To him whose Name the utmost Stretch
Of mortal Praise transcends,
Whose Glories far above the Skies,
Or starry Worlds extends.

XXI.

Thou *Israel*, favour'd by the Lord,
Who doth thine Empire raise,
Greatly distinguish'd by his Grace,
Be loudest in his Praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

The Argument.

The learned Dr. Allix is of Opinion, that this Psalm is Prophetic, and relates to the Time of the Messiah's Reign over the Jews, when they shall be restored to his Covenant ; and under his Conduct, obtain a glorious Victory over the Armies of Gog and Magog, as described in the 38th and 39th Chapters of Ezekiel's Prophecy. I know that in the Time of our late Civil Wars, this divine Hymn was, by some hot-headed Enthusiasts, apply'd to themselves ; but I think it very unjust to fix a Reproach upon any Party of Men for the Follies of a few whimsical Zealots.

I.

Sing to the Lord, who reigns on high,
New Songs of Joy and Praise,
Amidst th' Assemblies of his Saints,
On solemn Festal-Days.

II.

Let *Israel* in exalted Hymns
Their great Creator blefs,
And *Zion* to her glorious King
Triumphant Songs address.

G

III.

III.

In his high Praise let measur'd Dance,
With vocal Song conspire,
And to concerting Voices join,
The Timbrel and the Lyre.

IV.

The Lord, who with a gracious Eye
On pious Men looks down,
Will raise the Humble, and the Meek
With wish'd Salvation crown.

V.

By the great Arbiter on high,
The righteous Nation's chose
To execute the Vengeance due
To the Messiah's Foes.

VI.

Then let 'em shout aloud for Joy,
And triumph in the Lord ;
Let Hallelujahs fill their Mouths,
Their Hands the two-edg'd Sword.

VII.

The Just in that auspicious Day,
When God's Anointed reigns,
Shall vanquish the rebellious World,
And bind their Kings in Chains.

VIII.

To finish those vindictive Acts
 Prophetic Books record,
 This Honour's for the Saints reserv'd,
 O magnify the Lord.

PSALM CL:

The Argument.

This Psalm was undoubtedly composed for the Service of the Temple, where a considerable Part of the publick Worship was performed with Vocal and Instrumental Musick. The learned Bishop Patrick tells us, from Mamonides, that when the Jews brought up their First-Fruits, to present them to the Lord at Jerufalem: As soon as they came to the Mountain of the Temple, every one took his Basket in his Hand, and sung this whole Psalm, till they came to the Courts of the Lord's House, where the Levites met them, singing the 30th Psalm. The Bishop observes, that no less than ten Instruments of Musick are called for in this Psalm, but I can reckon up no more than Seven; for I take the loud Cymbal, and the high-sounding Cymbal to be the same. If I should be encouraged to publish any Thing more of this Nature, I shall give the Reader some Account of the Musical Instruments among the Jews.

I.

With Hallelujahs to the Lord,
Let all the Heavens ring,
And all the glorious Sons of Light
Extatic Anthems sing.

II.

Let the harmonious Sound be heard
By all the Worlds on high,
Long let it warble round the Spheres,
And echo thro' the Sky.

III.

On Earth let all his mighty Acts
Be prais'd with equal Song,
Raptures arise in ev'ry Breast,
And flow from ev'ry Tongue.

IV.

Let sacred Music warm the Heart,
And kindle holy Fire,
The Trumpet, Psaltery, and Harp,
Religious Joys inspire.

V.

In solemn Dance the Timbrel strike,
And fret the sounding String,
Whilst Organs labour in his Praise,
And tinkling Cymbals ring.

VI.

VI.

Let all possess'd of Life and Breath,
 To God their Voices raise,
 Nature, and all her various Works,
 Their glorious Author praise.

The Third Chapter of Habakkuk.

When the Most High from *Teman* came
 The Firmament was all in Flame,
 The Earth confess'd the Holy One,
 And *Paran* with his Glory shone,
 The Lightning flash'd within his Hand,
 And Thunders roul'd at his Command ;
 Devouring Flames mark'd out his Road,
 And on the burning Marle he trod ;
 The Pestilence which Thousands flew,
 With purple Wings before him flew ;
 He view'd the Earth, and from on High
 Measur'd its Area with his Eye ;
 His awful Head in Anger shook,
 And scatter'd Nations with his Look ;
 Th' affrighted Earth Convulsions felt,
 The Rocks at his dread Presence melt ;
 Th' eternal Hills before him shrunk,
 And Mountains to their Bases sunk.

But O ! what Numbers can display
 The Terrors of that dreadful Day !

I saw the Tents of *Cushan* quake,
And *Midian's* sable Curtains shake.

Wast thou offended at the Sea,
Or were the Rivers in thy Way?
Thou didst, O Lord, the Floods divide,
And through the Deep in Triumph ride.
Thou mad'st thy Bow and Quiver bare,
As thou unto our Tribes didst swear.
With Vengeance wing'd thine Arrows flew,
And pierc'd both Shield and Helmet through.

The Mountains danc'd on either Side,
When thou didst *Jordan's* Streams divide;
Th' obstructed Waves in Ridges rise,
And lift their Voices to the Skies.
The Sun, in his diurnal Race
Stood still amidst th' etherial Space;
The Moon in her * Synodic Course
Was stopt by a superior Force.
When God in Wrath march'd thro' the Land,
He crush'd the Heathen with his Hand;
His glitt'ring Spear, and shining Darts
Transfix'd the Unbelievers Hearts.
Thou didst, O Lord, in our Defence
Exert Divine Omnipotence.

* *The Moon's Synodic Course, is her Motion from one Conjunction with the Sun to another; and is perform'd in twenty nine Days, and somewhat more than twelve Hours.*

We conquer'd in thy Name, O God,
And on the Necks of Princes trod.

The Kings of *Canaan* from afar,
Pour out their Villages to War,
And like a raging Tempest fell
With all their Force on *Israel*.

But he who did the Seas divide,
And led us through the parted Tide,
With Victory our Armies blest,
And we their Land and Wealth possess'd.

But, O my God, when first I heard
My Country's dreadful Doom declar'd;
Thy wondrous Works in former Years
Serv'd only to increase my Fears;
I trembled when I thought of thee,
As our offended Deity.

And whilst my Tongue thy Judgments told,
My Lips turn'd pale, my Blood run cold.
Whither, O righteous God, shall I,
In that sad Day, for Refuge fly?
When armed Troops at thy Command,
With Fire and Sword invade our Land.

Should Nature change its wonted Course,
Or loose her vegetating Force;
The Fig-tree languish at the Root,
Nor more with vernal Blossoms shoot;
Nor Groves with golden Fruitage shine,
Nor Clusters grace the spreading Vine;

The Labour of the Olive cease;
 And furrow'd Fields yield no Increase;
 Should Murrains seize the stalled Ox,
 Or Rots infect the tender Flocks,
 Till lifeless Carcases are spread
 O'er all the Plains where once they fed.

In God the Guardian of the Just
 My steadfast Heart shall ever trust.
 Nor raging Plagues, nor hostile Din
 Shall discompose the Calm within.
 Swift as the bounding Hart I'll fly
 To thee, O Lord, when Danger's nigh;
 O raise me where Contentions cease,
 And add the Joys of Health to Peace.

F I N I S.

